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Dr. James C. Whittaker

James Thomas Whittaker

Meeting of the Academy of Medicine
of Cincinnati, June 23, 1900.

James Powers (Mpls) 1911

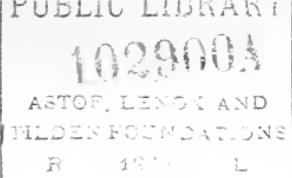
IN MEMORIAM.

Dr. James C. Whittaker.

Meeting of the Academy of Medicine
of Cincinnati, June 25, 1900.

CINCINNATI, O.
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MEETING OF THE
ACADEMY OF MEDICINE
OF CINCINNATI,
JUNE 25, 1900

IN MEMORIAM.

The following resolutions were presented and adopted:

“WHEREAS, Our friend and fellow-member, Dr. James T. Whittaker, has passed, at the time of life when the intellectual faculties are at their best, from the life which now is to that which is to come;

Resolved, That we, the members of this Academy, remembering with affection his pride in this institution, and with admiration his great and constant labors in its behalf during a period of thirty years, and his zeal for the advancement of the profession in every way, express our profound regret and sense of loss in his removal from our midst.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family with our sincerest sympathy in their great bereavement.

A. G. DRURY,
WALTER B. WEAVER,
Committee.”

Biographical Sketch.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By DR. A. G. DRURY.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—*Proverbs, 22d, 29th.*

DR. JAMES THOMAS WHITTAKER, son of James Whittaker and Olivia S. Lyon, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, March 3d, 1843. His father was born in Baltimore, Md., but came to Cincinnati in 1840, and engaged in the grocery business on the Public Landing, where the Bethel now stands.

James Lyon, Dr. Whittaker's maternal grandfather, was born in Berlin, Germany, but immigrated to this country early in the nineteenth century. He was a linguist of much repute. He was a physician, and served as Surgeon in the Mexican War. Later he practiced medicine in Fredericksburg, now Frederick City, Md. Dr. Whittaker evidently inherited his linguistic and medical talents. Even as a child Dr. Whittaker manifested unmistakable signs of genius. His mother frequently missed him from his meals, and on questioning him on his tardy return from school, found that he had been so absorbed in his studies that he had forgotten his meals. As a boy—a delicate, frail looking little lad—he attended the public schools in Covington, Ky., his father having moved

there in the late "forties." Fired with ambition to succeed in every trial, he on one occasion astonished his teacher by holding out for two weeks in a spelling match, the others dropping out one by one until he had vanquished the last opponent.

In September, 1855, James Thomas Whittaker, John L. Cleveland and I went up from the district schools to the High School in Covington, Ky. Dr. Whittaker was then a slender, fair-skinned boy of twelve years. His features were pronounced. His hair, almost white, was always in disorder, and it was evident that dress did not occupy the chief place in his thoughts. Quick in action, and enthusiastic in everything he engaged in, he was among the foremost in all school games, as he was *facile princeps* in his studies. Blessed with a rare memory, he displayed, at that early day, the readiness in the acquisition of Greek and Latin, which was manifested in later years in the easy mastery of the modern languages. Greek and Latin prose composition—those torments of our school days—were comparatively easy to him. I do not think he was especially fond of mathematics, though he stood well in that, as in all other departments. He was methodical in his work, and, to a remarkable degree, capable of long-sustained effort. In 1859, at the end of four years, he went from the High School to Miami University. A class-mate says he was the smallest boy in the University, and the only one who wore

“round-about,” but he wore them with such dignity that no one thought to jest with him about them.

In August, 1862, the Confederate Army under General Bragg entered Kentucky in an attempt to capture Louisville, and thus hold the State. After the battle of Richmond, Ky., fought August 30, 1862, Kirby Smith’s corps of Bragg’s army was sent to capture Cincinnati. The records show this city to have been comparatively unprotected. There was indeed mounting in hot haste. Volunteers from the city and adjacent territory were mustered in. Old citizens well remember the “squirrel hunters.” The Forty-first Regiment, Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, was mustered into service September 4, 1862. James T. Whittaker’s name appears on the register as a private. He was mustered out with the regiment on the 4th of October following, the emergency for which it was called having passed. During this time he served in the trenches which encircled the city south of Covington, and while on duty received a flesh-wound in the arm. After his discharge he returned to Miami University, where he graduated in 1863.

The accompanying letter from Professor Stoddard shows his standing in the University.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY, June 12th, 1863.

JAS. T. WHITTAKER:

My Young Friend—I received your favor a few days since. Inclosed you will find your grade in my department

(97.8), giving you a position in scholarship among the *first three*. The enclosed communication from the secretary of the faculty assigns you the *scientific honor* in the class of 1863. Allow me to say that you are deserving of it; and I am pleased that *that honor* has fallen upon one whose love of natural science has been manifested by careful and successful study. My best wishes go with you for success in whatever profession you may choose. Very truly yours,

O. N. STODDARD.

Immediately after graduation he entered the service of the United States, as the following, taken from the records of the Loyal Legion of this city will show:

JAMES THOMAS WHITTAKER, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. Navy.

Register:—Entered U. S. Navy June 2, 1863, when appointed Surgeon's Steward U. S. S. "Reindeer," by Fleet Surgeon Ninian Pinkney, Mississippi Squadron; transferred to U. S. S. "Moose" January 21, 1864, by Leroy Fitch, Lieut.-Commander; June 13, 1864, promoted to Surgeon Steward in charge and transferred to U. S. S. "Springfield" by Leroy Fitch, Lieut.-Commander, commanding 10th District Mississippi Squadron; March 28, 1865, promoted, after examination by Board appointed by Ninian Pinkney, Fleet Surgeon, to Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. Navy, by Gideon Wells, Secretary of Navy; transferred from "Springfield" to take charge of U. S. Hospital Ship "Fitch"; June 25, 1865, returned to "Springfield"; October 10, 1865, received honorable discharge, signed by Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy.

History of Service:—June 2, 1863, U. S. S. "Reindeer," Surgeon's Steward; January 21, 1864, U. S. S. "Moose,"

Surgeon's Steward; June 13, 1864, U. S. S. "Springfield," Surgeon's Steward in charge; March 28, 1865, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. Navy, U. S. S. "Springfield"; February 6, 1865, detached to take charge of Hospital Barge "Fitch"; June 25, 1865, returned to "Springfield"; honorably discharged October 10, 1865.

Residence :—Cincinnati, O.

Occupation :—Physician.

Recommended by Companions :—Frank J. Jones, S. C. Ayres, J. V. Guthrie.

Dr. Whittaker was elected a member of the Loyal Legion, February 3d, 1897. He received the insignia, March 2d, 1897, the diploma, June 24th, 1897.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT FOR SURGEON'S STEWARD.

JUNE 2, 1863.

I do hereby agree to enter the Navy of the United States, as Surgeon's Steward, and to repair on board such vessel, and at such time as may be ordered; and to remain in said capacity till the expiration of the service of the vessel unless sooner discharged by the proper authority, or under the provisions of the General Order of the Navy Department, November 11, 1861.

I do oblige and subject myself during my service as Surgeon's Steward to comply with, and be obedient to such laws, regulations and discipline of the Navy as are, or that may be, established by Congress, or other competent authority.

JAS. T. WHITTAKER.

Witness:

N. PINKNEY, Fleet Surgeon, Mississippi Squadron.

I hereby certify that I have examined J. T. Whittaker, and find him physically qualified to perform the duties of Surgeon's Steward.

N. PINKNEY, Fleet Surgeon, Mississippi Squadron.

CUMBERLAND RIVER,

U. S. STEAMER REINDEER,

November 27, 1863

Leave of absence is hereby granted to Jas. T. Whittaker, Surgeon's Steward U. S. S. "Reindeer" to attend medical lectures at Cincinnati, O., until March 1, 1864, when he will report to me unless otherwise directed.

W.M. C. FOSTER, JR., A. A. Surgeon.

Approved:

H. A. GLASSFORD, Vol. Sr. Comdg.

U. S. STEAMER "MOOSE," MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,

CUMBERLAND RIVER, January 21, 1864.

Sir:—You are hereby appointed Surgeon Steward of the U. S. S. "Moose," and you will report to Lieut.-Commander Leroy Fitch, U. S. N., without delay for duty with me. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W.M. C. FOSTER, JR., A. A. Surgeon.

JAS. T. WHITTAKER, Covington, Ky.

Approved:

LEROY FITCH, Lieut.-Commander.

Reported February 13, 1864.

LEROY FITCH, Lieut.-Commander,

Commanding District.

U. S. STEAMER "Moose,"
SMITHLAND, KY., June 13, 1864.

Sir:—You are hereby detached from the U. S. S. "Moose" as Surgeon Steward, and will report to the Commanding Officer of the U. S. S. "Springfield" for duty on board that vessel as Steward-in-Charge. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

LE ROY FITCH, Lieut.-Commander.

Commanding Tenth District Mississippi Squadron.

SURGEON STEWARD JAS. T. WHITTAKER, U. S. S. "Moose,"
off Smithland, Ky.

U. S. S. "Moose," INGRAHAM SHOALS,
CUMBERLAND RIVER, Feb. 6, 1865.

Sir:—You will proceed to Smithland, Ky., and relieve Assistant Surgeon Wm. M. Reber, in charge of the Hospital barge while he visits Evansville, Ind., to examine recruits for the gunboat service. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

LEROY FITCH, Lieut.-Commander,

Commanding Tenth District Mississippi Squadron.

ACTING ASSISTANT SURGEON JAS. T. WHITTAKER, U. S. S.
"Springfield."

NAVY DEPARTMENT, March 28, 1865.

Sir:—You are hereby appointed an Acting Assistant Surgeon in the Navy of the United States, on temporary service. After having executed the inclosed oath, and returned it to the Department, with your letter of acceptance, you will re-

port to Acting Rear Admiral S. P. Lee, without delay, for duty in the Mississippi Squadron. Very respectfully,

G. WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

ACTING ASSISTANT SURGEON JAS. T. WHITTAKER, U. S. Navy,
U. S. S. "Springfield," Mississippi Squadron.

Forwarded, April 8, 1865, report to Commanding Officer U. S. S. "Springfield," for duty.

S. P. LEE, A. R. Admiral,
Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

U. S. S. "SPRINGFIELD,"

SMITHLAND, KY., April 15, 1865.

Sir:—I to-day had the honor of receiving my appointment as A. A. Surgeon, U. S. N., and a sense of duty as well as gratitude compels me to transmit to you an acknowledgment of my sincere thanks for this manifestation of kindness to me. That an appointment should be conferred on me under such circumstances, without previous recommendation other than a faithful discharge of duty, without even an application on my part, is an evidence, if you will permit me, sir, of that careful attention and supervision which has ever characterized you, and an honor which I trust I properly appreciate. That your future career in other parts of the service of our country to which you may be called may be as useful and valuable as you have rendered it here, is the earnest prayer of

Your obedient servant,

JAS. T. WHITTAKER,
A. A. Surgeon, U. S. N.

NINIAN PINKNEY, Surgeon of the Fleet.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
BUREAU OF NAVIGATION AND OFFICE OF DETAIL,

June 24, 1865.

Sir:—Your resignation as an Acting Assistant Surgeon in the Navy of the United States, on temporary service, tendered in your letter of the 20th ultimo, is hereby accepted.

By direction of the Secretary of the Navy:

Respectfully,

P. DRAYTON, Chief of Bureau.

MR. JAS. T. WHITTAKER, Late Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. N., U. S. S. "Springfield," Mississippi Squadron.

TEMPEST, June 30, 1865.

Forwarded, S. P. LEE, A. R. Admiral, Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

U. S. HOSPITAL SHIP "FITCH."

MOUND CITY, June 25, 1865.

Dear Doctor:—As you are about leaving the Naval service, and perhaps we may never meet again, I need hardly tell you that the circumstances which necessitate a separation are truly painful to me, after having spent so many pleasant hours with one for whom I have so much respect and esteem. I take great pleasure in testifying to your professional skill and ability, and gentlemanly deportment during the time I have known you.

With best wishes for your future success, and trusting you may ever find a fruitful field in which to display your talents, I remain Your sincere friend,

W.M. M. REBER, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. N.

JAS. T. WHITTAKER, A. A. Surgeon, U. S. N.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
BUREAU OF NAVIGATION AND OFFICE OF DETAIL,

August 22, 1865.

Sir:—The acceptance of your resignation dated June 24, 1865, is hereby revoked. You are hereby detached from the Mississippi Squadron, and a leave of absence is granted to you for one month from receipt of this order, at the expiration of which you will report to the Bureau by letter, when, if your services are not required, you will be honorably discharged. Keep the Bureau advised of your address.

By direction of the Secretary of the Navy:

Respectfully,

D. D. PORTER, Chief of Bureau.

ACTING ASSISTANT SURGEON JAS. T. WHITTAKER, U. S. N.,
Covington, Ky.

His final discharge was received October 10, 1865.

During his term of service in the Navy he studied medicine, receiving leave of absence for that purpose. He graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in 1866. In 1867, he graduated at the Medical College of Ohio. Immediately thereafter he was appointed Chief Resident Physician to the Commercial Hospital of this city. At the expiration of a year he received the following certificate from that institution:

COMMERCIAL HOSPITAL,
OFFICE OF THE MEDICAL STAFF,
CINCINNATI, March 20, 1868.

This is to certify that James T. Whittaker, M. D., served as Chief Resident Physician to this institution during the year

terminating 10th inst, to the entire satisfaction of the medical staff.

W.M. H. TAYLOR, M. D.,

Secretary of Medical Staff.

W. H. MUSSEY, M. D., President Medical Staff.

In April, 1868, Dr. Whittaker, Dr. R. H. Thornton and the writer sailed from New York for Bremen. We made what was then considered a very good trip, reaching the port of Southampton on the eleventh day, and the port of Bremen thirty-six hours later. A day was spent in Bremen, and another in the city of Hanover. We reached Berlin on the 8th of May. Berlin at that time possessed many of the great medical lights of the world. Langenbeck was Professor of Surgery, covered with decorations and glory as the Surgeon-General of the Prussian Army in the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, he was at the summit of his renown, and his lecture-room was always crowded; among his hearers being many Americans and Englishmen. Edward Martin was Professor of Obstetrics. He was a Privy Counselor (Geheimrath); of large frame, very unattractive in appearance and address; he was, nevertheless, a man of great learning. With a temporary inclination to obstetrics, Dr. Whittaker attended his lectures closely. Graefe, the most renowned oculist of his day, was still lecturing. Virchow, then about 50 years of age, was at his best. His lecture-room, which was large, had rows of tables in parallel lines, connected at the ends. On these tables was a railroad,

on which microscopes with specimens were passed from student to student, coming back at the end to the starting point. He had at his command the pathological department of the Charité Hospital, and material was abundant. Frerichs was lecturing on clinical medicine. Renowned as a clinician, and for his great work on the liver, his large room was always crowded. Long, lank and lean, with stooping shoulders, and large hands and feet, he was a picture of uneasy awkwardness when standing before the class waiting for a patient to be brought in. He seemed to be at ease only when seated on the edge of his table with his feet on the couch where the patient was lying. Traube was also one of the lights of the Berlin school. Ebert was lecturing on Diseases of Children; Lewin on Specific Diseases, and Du Bois Raymond on Physiology. At the close of the semester Dr. Whittaker went to Prague to study obstetrics clinically. In September, 1868, we spent a few days in Würtzburg, where we heard Scanzoni lecture. The glory of his attendance on the Empress of Russia, and of the honors then showered upon him still filled the medical world. In January, 1869, we went to Vienna. Rokitansky, the great rival of Virchow, was then slowly moving off the stage. Hyrtl, the Anatomist, eloquent and dramatic, made his subject positively interesting. Skoda, the great authority on disease of the lungs; Hebra, the dermatologist; Wiederhofer, Professor of

Diseases of Children; Oppolzer, with his nasal voice, and without a collar, because wearing one produced a local eczema, were at their zenith. Billroth was just coming into his great and deserved fame. Carl Braun, growing old and very ponderous, sat as he lectured on obstetrics. Spaeth was the coming man in that department. Soon after reaching Vienna Dr. Whittaker secured a room in Spaeth's department of the General Hospital, so as to be in constant attendance when cases of labor, or operations occurred.

Nor was his restless activity confined to his profession. To perfect himself in German he took a few scholars, exchanging German for English. With a student in the University at Berlin he studied Physiology, using both languages, to their mutual benefit. He told me this man had a great contempt for obstetrics, saying it was only mechanical, and not of the higher grades of medical science, like Physiology.

Early in March, 1869, Drs. Whittaker, W. H. Taylor, R. H. Thornton and I started on a trip through Italy. On the 31st of that month, with the assistance of a guide apiece, we ascended Mount Vesuvius, and looked down into its crater, then pouring out volumes of pungent smoke. It looked like the entrance to Dante's Inferno. The guides, who seemed at that moment to be very near where they belonged, produced some villainous wine and asked us to drink to *al diavolo*. Dr. Whittaker wrote interesting accounts of

the trip, which were published in the home papers. Returning to Vienna we continued at the Hospital until the close of the semester. In July, 1869, the home-ward journey began with a tour through Switzerland. A month was spent in Paris visiting the hospitals. On the 15th of August, 1869, the centennial birthday of Napoleon was celebrated in Paris with great magnificence. While in Paris each provided himself with a microscope, and such instruments as he desired. Dr. Whittaker, with a view to special work in that department, and his coming position as Assistant Professor of Obstetrics in the Medical College of Ohio, purchased a complete obstetrical outfit. These purchases were the direct cause of a condition of affairs quite amusing—in retrospect. One of our number had written home for a draft to be forwarded to Baring Brothers, bankers, London, in time to reach us when we should arrive in that city. When we reached London the draft was not there. After daily inquiries at the bank our means became so reduced that we could not remain longer, so, requesting the bank to return the draft to our home address, we paid our bills, and found we had only money enough left to get steerage passage home. Such passage we took, but when four or five days out we bribed the steward to let us have a small room by paying him five dollars each. This did not include any other privileges, the fare was strictly steerage in all other respects. We reached our homes

with less than a dollar in our pockets. Dr. Whittaker often spoke of that event with pride as well as amusement.

On the 1st of October, 1869, Dr. Whittaker opened an office at 338 Vine St. (old number), between 9th and Court Streets.

On the 1st of December he removed to 101 W. 9th St. Immediately after his return he was made Assistant Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Children in the Medical College of Ohio. This position he held during the session of 1869-70. In October, 1869, he gave a short course of lectures on Embryology.

From October, 1869, to March, 1870, he conducted quizzes on Practice, Obstetrics and other branches. In the spring course, March to May, 1870, he gave a course on operative obstetrics.

He was appointed Pathologist to the Good Samaritan Hospital in 1869, and retained the position for four years.

The degree of A. M. was conferred on him by Miami University, 1870.

In July, 1870, he was appointed Professor of Physiology in the Medical College of Ohio.

In 1871, Clinical Medicine was added to his chair.

In 1879, he was appointed Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine. This position he held until his death.

Some of the older friends of Dr. Whittaker will

remember that he wrote a number of letters descriptive of his travels and observations which were published in the *Cincinnati Commercial*. This he did in mature years when he went abroad. Before going abroad the first time he acquired a good knowledge of German and French, and in later years a like understanding of Italian and Spanish. That he had some poetic genius the following translation from the Italian will show:

LA PELLEGRINA RONDINELLA.

By THOMASSO GROSSI (Milan).

Little pilgrim swallow, still
Thou dost perch upon my sill
Singing every morning, till
My heart repeats thy plaintive rill,
 What is wrong, tell me along
 Little swallow in thy song.

Art forsaken by thy mate,
Abandoned and left desolate,
Or weep'st perhaps my cruel fate
Seeing me disconsolate?

 With sorrow wrung my heart's unstrung
 Little swallow by thy tongue.

Yet have I most cause to sigh,
Thou cans't on thy wings rely,
Skim the lake and soar on high,
Wake in echoes from the sky
 Notes that each, my prison reach,
 Little swallow with thy speech.

Ah! if I . . . but fates compel
Me dungeoned to this narrow cell
Whence the sun may not dispel
The gloom that drowns my voice as well
Lifted vain, in sad refrain,
Little swallow to thy strain.

Now September is at hand
Thou wilt leave me with thy band
Calling mountain, dreary sand,
Calling oceans, flowery land,
Without choice, to rejoice
Little swallow with thy voice.

Still shall I, awake from sleep
Opening my eyes to weep,
Though the earth with snow be deep,
Fresh thy love and pity keep;
Without restraint, to hear I'll feint
Little swallow, still thy plaint.

When Spring comes in radiance bright,
A cross will stand upon yon height;
Little swallow check thy flight,
Upon its topmost bar to light.
Salute my grave and at its verge
Little swallow, chant thy dirge.

Cincinnati, July 21, 1877.

While studying the languages in his busy years he took his teachers with him in his carriage, reading and conversing in the intervals between visits.

In his Lectures on Physiology will be found the following lines from Goethe:

“Von Vater habe ich die Statur, des Lebens ernstes Führen;
Von Mütterchen die Frohnatur und Lust zu fabuliren.”

Which he thus renders into English verse:

“From my father is my stature and earnestness of mien;
From my mother is my joyousness and love of romance keen.”

And these lines from Schiller:

“Einstweilen bis den Bau der Welt;
Philosophie zusammenhält,
Erhält sich ihr Getriebe,
Durch Hunger and durch Liebe.”

Which he says he has ventured to translate very liberally, thus:

“Until the earth is all explained,
Without call on power above,
Its workings still will be sustained
By Hunger and by Love.”

His fondness for poetry, and his wide range of poetic reading, is shown by no less than twenty-one quotations from at least a dozen authors, in this little work of 272 pages.

From his youth he looked forward to the day when he should stand among the scholarly men of his time. Perhaps some of his students have heard him use this

expression in his opening or closing lectures to the class:

“Be true to the dreams of thy youth.”

It was a watch-word with him, and if ever there was a man true to his youthful dreams it was James T. Whittaker. Eager, energetic, methodical, never wearying in his work, he pursued the object of his ambition with unswerving devotion until he had reached it. Among the first to seize a new idea, he held on to it, in some instances, when many of his confreres had abandoned it, or at least placed it among the things not absolutely proven. As illustrative of his faith and enthusiasm in his profession he used to say, when a student, he believed the time would come when remedies would be found for all diseases, and men would die only from old age and injuries.

Though experience modified his views very much, I believe he was always an optimist. He believed the time would come when tuberculosis would be as amenable to treatment as malaria. In the sixties and seventies the Darwinian theories were agitating the religious and scientific worlds, and the acrimony of that prolonged contest is well remembered by many of us. In 1879 Dr. Whittaker published his “Lectures on Physiology,” in which he used this language: “The conclusions reached by the investigations of Mr. Darwin mark an epoch in biology as distinct as those of

Galileo in astronomy, or of Newton in physics. Like these most distinguished men, Darwin disclosed not a single discovery or isolated fact, but a great underlying principle, more far-reaching, however, in its conclusions and influential in its effects in relation to the position and prospects of mankind than any preceding revelation in the history of science.” One reviewer said: Whatever others may think of the Darwinian theory, with Dr. Whittaker it is no longer a matter of doubt.”

In August, 1870, the American Journal of Obstetrics, published his paper on “The Morbid Anatomy of the Placenta.” This was a prize essay, for which that journal awarded him the prize of \$100.

In 1879 his “Lectures on Physiology” were published. The book showed him to be a master of the subject, while his very pronounced views on the prevalent theories on evolution elicited the most diverse criticism.

His greatest work is, of course, his “Theory and Practice of Medicine,” issued in 1893.

In addition to these separate works, he published a vast number of articles in the various “Systems of Medicine,” “Handbooks,” and medical journals. Some of these articles were complete enough and voluminous enough to merit the dignity of independent works. A tabulated list of these publications, so far as I have been able to find them, I have added

to this paper. The number of minor papers and addresses read before scientific and literary bodies is so great as to amaze us.

He was editor of the *Clinic*, of this city, from its foundation in 1871 to July 1876. From the start this journal was popular. Its contents were of the latest; often stated in brief, sharp-cut paragraphs, so the gist of the matter was presented to the reader stripped of all useless verbiage. Later he was Associate Editor of the International Medical Magazine.

“*Exiled for Lèse Majesté.*” Perhaps nothing Dr. Whittaker ever produced surprised his friends more than this book. The brief preface states that it was written as a Christmas story to be read at home, and was afterwards published at the request of the family. Geography, history, poetry, philosophy, philology, medicine, art, all are discussed. The chapters on Siberia, Prison-life, The Escape, The Flight, read like the thrilling accounts given by Kennan. The chapters, “In the Bosom of the Earth,” calls to mind the *Etidorhpa*. To illustrate his various subjects he has called in the poets from Homer to Tennyson; the philosophers from Aristotle to Emerson; the physicians from Hippocrates to Koch. In the chapter, “About Scholars and Books,” Dr. Whittaker shows his enduring love for both. He quotes Cicero concerning books thus: “They are food to us in youth, solace in our age, ornament of our prosperity, comfort and

refuge in our adversity." And Macaulay, who said: "I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading." In reply to the question, "What is the best book?" the old librarian says: "The best all-round book, after the Bible, is the latest and best Encyclopedia, in which the various chapters have been written by scholars in each department." In the chapter on "The Librarian," he reiterates what he everywhere taught, that we should study and work without ceasing, and that "any one would prefer to go before his opinions are as petrified as his arteries." He quotes Addison, "All is the gift of industry; whatever exalts, embellishes, and renders life delightful."

Dr. Whittaker became a member of the Academy of Medicine of Cincinnati on the 11th of October, 1869. From his entrance he was an active worker, and, until within a short time of his death a regular attendant at its meetings. He was its Secretary in 1870; President in 1886; and for several years one of the Board of Trustees.

As illustrative of the quickness with which he seized and mastered anything new in medicine, I quote the following: "The *Allgemeine Medicinische Central Zeitung* and *Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift*, of April 1, 1882, contain brief references to the discovery by Dr. Robert Koch of the bacillus of tuberculosis."

"By inoculation, as well as by injection into the ves-

sels, Koch has succeeded in producing acute miliary tuberculosis, as well as cheesy processes, in animals otherwise free from tuberculosis." The full text of the paper was published in the *Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift*, April 11, 1882.

At the meeting of the Academy of Medicine of Cincinnati, May 1, 1882, Dr. Whittaker "called the attention of the members to the recent discovery in medicine—a triumph in science that will probably ultimately give us the means to eradicate one of the deadliest scourges of our race. He referred to the brilliant results obtained by Koch in defining the bacillus tuberculosis. The specificity of tuberculosis had been pretty generally accepted for some time, and many observers had labored to show it a *contagium vivum*, but it had been reserved for Koch to discover the bacillus. This most careful observer and skilled microscopist proved by staining experiments peculiarly his own that the bacilli are rod-shaped bodies which will grow in a culture of blood-serum and gelatine. He succeeded in inoculating even dogs and rats, hitherto considered uninoculable with miliary tuberculosis."

This was, I believe, the earliest accurate account given to a scientific body in America.

Within a month after this meeting Dr. Whittaker was in Berlin studying in Koch's laboratory. At the beginning of the college session he was home fully prepared to demonstrate the teachings of Koch. In 1890,

Koch introduced tuberculin. In January, 1891, Dr. S. P. Kramer brought from Berlin a quantity of the new remedy which he presented to Dr. Whittaker. Needless to say, the doctor began to use it immediately. This was the first use of it in America.

On the 1st of April, 1897, Koch published an article in the *Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift* on the new tuberculin—"Tuberculin R.," which he offered as a substitute for the original preparation. In this article he attempted to demonstrate that the dangers of the original preparation had been removed. Dr. W. B. Weaver, then in Germany, obtained some of the new preparation, and forwarded it to Dr. Whittaker.

In the Ohio Medical Journal for May, June, and October, 1897, articles on the subject were published by Dr. Whittaker. The latter of these was a paper read before the British Medical Association at its meeting in Montreal in September, 1897.

In 1881 Dr. Whittaker was offered a professorship in a prominent medical college in the East, with every prospect of a lucrative practice. He was then in the prime of life, and in the enjoyment of a splendid practice, with College and hospital work well in hand, and could not be tempted to give them up.

Dr. Whittaker was a member of the American Medical Association, American Academy of Medicine, Association of American Physicians, Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, Fellow of the Chi-

cago Academy of Medicine, of the Literary Club, of the Loyal Legion, and, at one time, of the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society.

In 1891 Miami University conferred the degree of L.L.D. upon him.

In 1894, Dr. Whittaker was elected a member of the staff of the Cincinnati Hospital for the Department of Neurology, but resigned after a few months service.

Dr. Whittaker made a number of trips to Europe. In 1894, after a lengthy stay in Europe, he went on a short trip to Tangiers in northern Africa. During these trips he wrote a number of letters descriptive of manners, customs and scenes in the countries visited. These letters were published in the Cincinnati papers.

Dr. Whittaker was married three times. His first wife was Miss Mary Box Davis, to whom he was married March 15, 1873. Mrs. Whittaker died March 3, 1883. They had no children.

On June 3, 1884, he married Miss Ella M. Harrison. Mrs. Whittaker died March 10, 1888. Three children were born to them—James, Alice and Hugh. August 21, 1890, Dr. Whittaker was married to Miss Virginia Lee Joy, who survives him. By this marriage there were two children—Wallace and Virginia.

Notwithstanding the immense activity of his life, Dr. Whittaker was domestically inclined. He loved to play with his children, and was in the habit of watching their studies and giving them all needed

help. It was like renewing his youth to read Latin and Greek with them. Dr. Whittaker loved animals. He was owner of the famous St. Bernard dog "Tyras," which he valued at \$1,000. This dog took two premiums at the Cincinnati dog shows.

In the twentieth chapter of the "Exiled for *Lesè Majesté*," Siria, the heroine of the story, insists on the purchase of two dogs, which she names "Tyras" and "Blücher." They are finely trained animals, showing all the best qualities of these faithful companions of man. "It is astonishing," Ivan said one day, "how much these dogs resemble human beings." "Anyone would say," said Siria, "that Tyras looks like Yakov."

Only his most intimate friends knew the sunnier side of his nature. With a wonderful command of language, he was entertaining in a formal address, brilliant in an after-dinner speech, charming in the social circle, appreciative of wit and humor, quick in repartee. If the more earnest things of life had not engaged his attention so fully, he would have been a light in the social world.

His familiarity with the sciences collateral to medicine, and with those entirely outside its domain; with the literature of every age and tongue, was demonstrated by frequent and apt quotations in his speeches and lectures. His fondness for poetry has been mentioned. Tennyson seems to have been a favorite in his latter days.

Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" was pasted in his scrap-book, and he requested it be read at his funeral services :

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

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Remarks.

Dr. P. S. Conner.

It has seldom happened that a man has filled the position of professor in one college for more than thirty years; yet more seldom has it happened, that having passed away, four of his original colleagues still in active service are ready to testify to his merit—four colleagues who were there when he came in, who served with him, knew his worth and appreciated him to the full.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Whittaker was at a reception given to the graduating class of the Medical College of Ohio in February, or perhaps the early part of March, 1868. I had known of him as a resident at the City Hospital, but had never met him before that evening. Very soon after he went abroad, and we heard of him from month to month through the medical journal of the city, and knew something of what he was doing. In the spring of 1869 it was understood that a vacancy was about to occur in the Obstetrical Chair of the Medical College of Ohio. Several of us knew that Dr. Wright was going to resign and were anxious that Dr. Whittaker should be appointed to fill the position. Young as he was, we had known of him, and were led to so believe in him that we were desirous

that he should be made professor of Obstetrics to fill the place of Dr. Wright. But our hopes were doomed to disappointment, the Obstetrical and Gynæcological Chairs were united and Professor Parvin was appointed. He was soon asked to appoint Dr. Whittaker as his assistant, which he was very glad to do. In the late summer Professor Parvin resigned, and by permission of Professor Palmer his successor, the Doctor, delivered a few lectures on embryology during the season 1869-70. Such was the beginning of a professorial career which has rarely been equaled in brilliancy. During the next year the Doctor was appointed to the Chair of Physiology, and for nine years he filled this position with remarkable ability, instructing those under him as men have rarely been instructed anywhere in these United States. With the removal of Dr. Bartholow from this city to Philadelphia the Chair of the Theory and Practice of Medicine fell to Dr. Whittaker, and for more than twenty years he occupied it. He was one of the most brilliant men this country has ever seen, a scholar, a man of broad reading, of extensive information in lines far outside of medicine; gifted in a remarkable degree with the power of expressing himself, with the enthusiasm of youth, which he never lost to the last hour. As a teacher he was a marvelous man in his Chair, and when he spoke ex cathedra it *was* ex cathedra—never did he permit himself in all these years, no matter how busy he was, to go unprepared

into the lecture room, never to draw upon the immense resources which he had, without previous thought. I was assured of this fact again and again by him, and know it was so from my long acquaintance with him. It was wonderful to listen to his brilliant, clear, attractive, incisive way of presenting a subject. Familiar as he was with what had been written on the subject in hand—as familiar certainly as any other man occupying a Chair of Physiology in this country, and later the Chair of Practice (for whatever came out he read, and whatever had been written he knew), he was able to sum it up and present it day after day to his classes. That he had as judicious as he had brilliant mind may perhaps be questioned, but as respects his brilliancy no word of doubt can be uttered. As respects his power of assimilation he was first and foremost of all the men whom I have known. He had the most extraordinary power of appropriating what was brought before his mind, and he was ready to bring it forth whenever it was necessary. I shall never forget as long as I live the marvelous way with which he absolutely entranced the members of the Canadian Medical Association at a meeting of this Association, which was held in Banff. The Association had invited Dr. Whittaker and other men from this country, myself among the number, to be present at their session. The subject under consideration was Tuberculosis. It had been discussed by men thoroughly posted on the sub-

ject, men of science, men of experience, men of learning, but when Dr. Whittaker got up on his feet and began to quote from this man, and that man, every eye was upon him, and everyone was astounded at the remarkable display of brilliancy and learning—he was the idol of the day. That has happened over and over again. In his lecture room he would lose himself at times—something would come up which would call his attention to some side question, and he would then deliver one of the most beautiful half hour talks that can be imagined, yet never foreign to the subject, or so foreign that it did not have some bearing upon the subject.

He was a thorough master of his own language, and I do not believe that there has ever been in Cincinnati a Doctor so familiar with English literature as Dr. James T. Whittaker. He was master of both prose and poetry, and ready to quote by the yard, if you will pardon the expression. He was as familiar with German as with his own mother tongue. He was a fine French scholar, and later developed into a fair Italian scholar. He was also somewhat familiar with Spanish. He read everything in medicine, not only in his own language, but the products of authors in foreign tongues—ready to seize upon the strong points or throw away because of the weak points—the result being that his mind was full of the facts which had been gathered in season and out of season under all circum-

DR. JAMES T. WHITTAKER.

stances, ready to pour it out in a stream without restraint. In the point of education he has rarely been equaled by anyone, I care not where you may look. I have never known anyone who could begin to speak with the brilliancy that Dr. Whittaker could when he was warmed up with his subject, one that interested him. Personally he was one of the few intimate friends of my early youth, professionally considered. I was with him time and time again in his troubles, difficulties came up and rolled away, and at the last he returned to me as I to him, the warm friend of the many, many years before, with the intervening years all gone by. He was a man who did his work thoroughly—and if we accept character as consisting in doing persistently that which it is appointed for us to do, we must give him credit of having that in the highest degree. Never a duty did he shirk in his college years, from the beginning of his career as embryologist to the last hours of his service. As busy as any of his colleagues his business was never an excuse for absence from the lecture desk. When not sick it was as certain that he would be at his place as it was that his lecture hour would come around, a thing not always true of lecturers in medical colleges. He did what he had to do with all his might, and, God having given him marvelous gifts, he was able to produce wonderful results, for where is the medical man in this country to-day who,

at fifty-seven years of age, had accomplished more in many ways than our colleague? He did his work, he lived his life, he kept the faith, and he has gone to his reward. His life has been of the greatest benefit to his profession, to his colleagues, to the Academy, to the city of Cincinnati. He was honored in his life, and in death he will not be forgotten.

Dr. Reamy.

Dr. Whittaker was, in my opinion, one of the most brilliant men who have been among us. Endowed with natural gifts far above the average, his intellectual powers were strengthened by the training and the discipline of hard study. In every pursuit he was an enthusiast. When Professor of Physiology he conducted, at his own expense, a physiological laboratory with great success. This was in advance of the establishment of such methods of instruction as a part of the course in other colleges of the West.

As a student his application, industry and perseverance had no bounds, and showed no abatement as years went on. The torch lighted during the so-called student days burned with a steady flame, dimmed only when his powers failed under the sapping of that mysterious and relentless thing, malignancy.

It is, indeed, I think, not improbable that his untimely death at the age when life should have been in the fulness of its strength, was indirectly due to that lowered vitality inevitable where proper time for rest of body and mind is not granted. More than one disease probably seizes upon that period of vulnerability when perverted metabolism has opened wide the door.

Dr. Whittaker was an omniverous reader, not only of journals and books devoted to medicine and surgery, but to all departments of science and human knowledge. Having acquired a thoroughly practical use of German, French, Italian and Spanish, he did not wait for translations, but was cognizant at once of the claims of scientific discovery throughout the world, whether published in the English or other languages. Having a memory of remarkable verbal accuracy and tenacity, his quotations could always be relied on. No one need take the trouble to verify them, and the man who in debate had the temerity to question them was sure to be discomfitted. The marvelous facility with which he could express in the choicest words, in his own English, his ideas; the distinctness of his articulation, and the unhesitating rapidity of his utterance, all aglow with the fire of his own enthusiasm, conspired to make him one of the most interesting speakers I ever heard. His papers and his discussions in this Academy commanded the attention of every one in the assembly because he always had something to say that was fresh and stimulating, and he said it in the most interesting way. Probably in what I have just said may be found some explanation of the power with which Dr. Whittaker in the lecture room held the attention of his students, almost as if by supernatural power. Frequently after the close of my lecture I have quietly strolled into his lecture room after he was well under way.

Every eye was fixed upon the lecturer, not a sound was to be heard but the melody of his voice. Many could be noted leaning forward in suspense as though they feared they might miss some word as it fell from his lips, sparkling with the brilliancy of a living thought.

The confidence that he had in its results and the respect that he had for work, and the enthusiasm with which he presented any subject, enabled him to lead many a student who was already paralyzed with indolence to arouse himself to activity, industry and ultimate success. In this way his influence as a teacher was incalculable. In this Academy he was never appointed to read a paper that he did not do it, and he never came before us with a sham. It was never a sermon from an old barrel. He hated shams and quackery in all forms, denouncing its promoters whenever occasion offered in words of bitterest sarcasm.

I have spoken of Dr. Whittaker's insatiable thirst as a student, his acquisition of the latest discoveries, or alleged discoveries, in medicine in any land. So eager was he for improvement and advance in our noble science that possibly he did not always weigh with due care the evidence upon which a claim rested; he perhaps too often accepted as truth that which should have been subjected to more skeptical criticism, to a more judicial examination. Dr. Whittaker had great powers of reasoning; he could see a point and state it with the rapidity of intuition. But as Longfellow has said of

Ruskin, his reasoning was deductive, for the process of induction he had no aptitude. His premises were not always infallible, but he had to a supreme degree the correcting quality, namely, when in any matter time and observation proved that any view he had entertained, either in theory or practice, was an error he at once abandoned it and accepted approved views.

Dr. Whittaker was immensely popular with his patients. He entered when quite young in his profession upon a large and lucrative practice, which continued until failing health compelled him to relinquish much of it.

As a consultant he was popular because he was quick in arriving at a diagnosis, positive of its accuracy, lucid in its defense, ready and rational in therapeutic resources. Furthermore, he was courteous and deferential to the physician calling him to his aid.

As a husband and father Dr. Whittaker was most kind, affectionate and considerate. Of these matters the speaker has been in a position to speak from observation. In his death the bereavement of his beloved wife and children is beyond expression.

Finally, Gentlemen of the Academy, I fear it will be a long time before Dr. Whittaker's place in this Society, this city, and the profession at large will be filled.

As we mourn his loss let us emulate his example.

Dr. J. L. Cleveland.

The last time Dr. Whittaker appeared before this body he delivered an address on Influenza, in which he discussed a recent epidemic of this disease through which we had just passed, and as he addressed us we all, I think, realized that Dr. Whittaker was not what he had been, and that while he gave us the same brilliant essay, and delivered the same interesting address, discussing the subject thoroughly as he always did, yet we all felt he was not the man we knew formerly. This was particularly noticeable in his closing discussion of the subject, when, on account of his loss of hearing, he was at a loss to discuss the subject thoroughly, simply because he had not heard what had been said.

The last address which I heard him make was at the memorial banquet of Dr. Reamy's 70th anniversary. Those of you who were present at that time will remember the Doctor's brilliant address—how beautifully he spoke of the "Old Guard." That address to me at the time sounded like a dirge, for I knew he had arisen from a sick bed to deliver it, and that was probably impressed upon me by what developed shortly afterward, when it was found that he had the disease

from which he finally died. You will remember how feeble he was, and that he asked to be excused as soon as he had finished his address. As intimated above, his subject was "The Old Guard," and now he himself has passed on with them "to the plains of the asphodel."

I give an extract from a letter written from Baltimore, in June, 1899, which, on account of its kindly pathos and generous charity, can fitly be mentioned here:

"Dear John:—It was a great pleasure to hear from you; it took me back to old times, long "before the war," to old school-days in Covington, under Professors Drury and Randolph, when the games were foot-ball, shinny, and what we called "town-ball"—long before the time of base-ball and golf.

It was a staggering blow when I learned how I was affected. It stole in so insidiously that I could not believe it. I suppose I must have thought myself immune to all diseases. But the doctors have given me a new lease on life. I suppose we can get used to anything, even to sitting under Damocles' sword.

We had planned a pretty trip to Germany, and were enjoying in anticipation the pleasures of the children—and now the curtain falls, and I am sitting in a hospital in Baltimore.

What you say about Reamy is all true. He is a strong man with a good heart. He always walked straight, and, I suppose never deviated a line in his professional career. I am beginning to have considerable respect for the mere fact of seventy years."

I do not wish to make any extended remarks in regard to Dr. Whittaker. I have known him since 1855.

We all know of his peculiar genius, his brilliancy of mind, his wonderful power of expression and the work he has done. As far as his professional career is concerned he has been well known here ever since 1867, when he entered the Cincinnati Hospital, and ever since that time he has been intimately connected with the medical profession of Cincinnati. It has been intimated by some of the remarks which have been made that he gave great stimulation and inspiration to those individuals with whom he was associated. I think I can say—notwithstanding the fact that I am a little older than he was—that he stimulated me to work more than any other individual with whom I have ever been associated. He had that effect not only upon students who were under him, but upon the profession in general. Those who came into contact with him were stimulated to do better work and to endeavor to reach higher planes than they had reached before.

Dr. Jos. Ransohoff.

My first real knowledge of Dr. Whittaker was in the early fall of 1870. At that time there was brought into the wards of the Good Samaritan Hospital a case of hydrophobia. Dr. Whittaker made the request for six strong men to spend with the patient the remaining hours of his life and to witness whatever efforts might be made to control the disease. As I said above, he wished strong men, and as such I could not volunteer my services, but I asked permission of Dr. Whittaker to witness that case, which was granted. That man remained in an almost continuous clonic spasm. Everything was done for him that could possibly be done, Dr. Whittaker remaining at the bedside from early in the evening until late the next morning. His capacity for work was something marvelous, and that phase of his character remained with him almost to the very last of his days on earth. He was never idle. His maxim was that four quarters of an hour, wherever found, make an hour.

For many years Dr. Whittaker's hour for lecturing at the College followed mine. I lectured from 11 to 12 o'clock, and he from 12 to 1 o'clock. Three times a week, as surely as his lecture day came around, he was

at his post of duty, and we frequently met in the faculty room between our lectures for a handshake and a word or two of conversation. Next to the love which he had for his home ties and domestic relations the Medical College of Ohio stood second in his affection. He had one great desire during the last year of his life, for he knew that Death had put his hand upon him, he wanted to appear again before the students of the Medical College of Ohio just once more to teach medicine. It is needless to say (for it has been said many times before) that he was a fine didactic teacher, of marvelous ability in this direction. He never entered the lecture room without preparation. The brilliancy with which he used language was akin to the skill with which the painter uses his brush, and Whittaker certainly in his lectures painted disease before our minds in such a way that it could never be forgotten. Often-times at 12 o'clock, when he had entered his lecture room (as one of his colleagues has said before) I would go upstairs and listen to the introductory remarks of his lecture, for example, on typhoid fever. He would put a temperature chart of the disease on the blackboard and stand there looking at it for three or four minutes, usually stroking his chin. Then he would say: Gentlemen, the hieroglyphics were meaningless until Champollion deciphered them. So is this zig-zag line until you learn that it is the characteristic fever chart of a typical case of typhoid fever." No

one present could ever forget what he had to say after such an introduction.

There was one phase of Dr. Whittaker's skill which I think has not been sufficiently dwelt upon, but which was mentioned by Dr. Drury, and that was his great skill as an obstetrician. Dr. Whittaker was certainly equal to any man whom I have ever known in that field. On my twenty-fifth birthday I had one of my few unfortunate cases of obstetrics. I sat with a woman having her eighth or ninth child, from early morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when I thought it was time to apply forceps. I had none of my own, but procured a pair and applied them twice, but they slipped both times. I finally came to the conclusion that I did not know how to apply them and I sent for the owner of the forceps. He applied them twice, and each time they gave away. I then said that we had better send for Dr. Whittaker. Whittaker came and he had not been in the room three minutes before he had delivered the child by turning. A fibroid tumor had prevented normal delivery.

Dr. Whittaker's beautiful nature was never better illustrated than during the last month of his life. I have seen very many persons in suffering, with death staring them in the face, but I do not think I have ever seen any one who had such beautiful self-control and was so perfectly collected as Dr. Whittaker. Sidney Smith said that one of the principal ends of an educa-

tion is that a man shall so be able to conduct himself that life shall be tolerable even in sickness. That part of education Whittaker certainly had to a remarkable degree. It is no secret that there was a good deal of mental perturbation during his latter hours. The last time he spoke intelligently to me was three or four days before his death. He smiled and said: "It is funny that a man who is not quite right mentally should like to see his doctor." These were the last intelligible words that he uttered. I can not say more about Dr. Whittaker without becoming distinctly personal. He had probably one of the best minds it has ever been my fortune to come into contact with. It is twenty-three years since I first knew him as a colleague, and during these twenty-three years there has never been a breath of bitterness between us. Perhaps I should regret that because we sometimes learn to appreciate men better through some little interruption of friendship. I do not know of one who can soon fill Dr. Whittaker's place, either in the Academy, in the profession at large, or in the institution with which he was so long connected.

Dr. Chauncey D. Palmer.

We have come together this evening to say a few words, and to make some formal expression of our thoughts in recognition and in realization of the life and work of the late Dr. James T. Whittaker; whose light has shone among us here in Cincinnati for the last quarter of a century, and which light went out a few days since. This event, it seems to me, ought to make us mindful of the many excellencies and virtues possessed by our esteemed friend and brother. It is the lot of few men in this life to lead a more brilliant career. Seldom indeed are the two attributes of character, the progressive and the conservative, combined in the same person. Dr. Whittaker was pre-eminently progressive, and not only progressive, but a very practical practitioner. He was a most versatile conversationalist, ever ready both as a writer and speaker. His work on the theory and practice of medicine, it seems to me, sounds to the medical man almost like a story. The simplicity of his style, and the purity of his language, all of us recognized and appreciated. When I think of the memorable inscription which is chiseled on a tablet of stone in Spring Grove Cemetery, I cannot but feel the appropriateness of the sentiment, of every word, as applied to the life and work of Dr. Whittaker. "He was a learned and

distinguished physician, an able and facile writer, an eminent teacher of the healing art, a most exemplary citizen, a public-spirited man, and one who combined in himself all those gentle and generous qualities, which adorn private life." He was a most worthy successor of Daniel Drake, of this city, in the chair of the theory and practice of medicine—Daniel Drake, who founded the Medical College of Ohio in 1819, and occupied the above mentioned chair for many years. James T. Whittaker, as I have said, filled this chair in a most brilliant manner, and his efforts did much in developing this institution, and making it what it now is, an institution for the teaching of modern, progressive rational medicine and surgery. Both are now dead, but yet both to-day live.

When I look back over the last few months of our deceased friend and brother, I can not but be impressed with two features of his character, which were then so well exemplified, namely, his cheerfulness and courage. Unquestionably Dr. Whittaker knew the nature of the disease which had afflicted his body, its mode of action, its rate of progress, and its inevitable result; yet he met the situation full of courage and cheerfulness. How beautiful it is to see such attributes of character exhibited under such trying circumstances. He was mild, kind, gentle, thoughtful, considerate, submissive, cheerfully courageous, zealously faithful to the end. Now, he had gone before to that unknown and silent shore.

Dr. S. C. Ayres.

Mr. President and Members of the Academy:

My first acquaintance with Dr. Whittaker began when he entered the freshman class of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. I was a junior at that time, so that we were college mates for two years. He was a slender, boyish-looking fellow, and his fair complexion and light hair made him, although young, appear younger than he really was. He took a good stand in his class at once, and his genial manners won him friends in all the classes. We next met on the benches of the Medical College of Ohio, when I was attending my second course of lectures. Later on, when I came to Cincinnati to live, he was one of the first to welcome me to my new home.

My friendship for him, then, dates back to our student days, when friendships are formed which are likely to last as long as life continues. I have watched his progress and career with special interest. The promise of a bright intellectual career, which was made in College, was fulfilled in his maturer years. Thoroughly devoted to his profession, he studied with pleasure and avidity. A wonderful memory enabled him to bring to his aid a storehouse of knowledge,

from which he drew apparently without an effort. This made his lectures charming, and he was never so happy as when addressing an amphitheatre full of students. His books and numerous monographs have been mentioned as a monument to his name. This is true to a certain extent, but books and monographs grow old in course of time, and are superseded by new ones. Dr. Whittaker's most enduring monument is in the hearts of the students to whom he has lectured for more than thirty years. They have carried his words of wisdom, his advice, and the rich results of his experience all over this Ohio Valley. No name is better known than his, and no one more richly deserves the high position in which he is held by the profession everywhere.

Dr. Ravogli.

I must thank the committee for allowing me a few minutes time on this sad occasion to pay a tribute of gratitude and speak a few words in the memory of our deceased friend and colleague, James T. Whittaker. Every few words pronounced on this occasion are as sprigs of acacia placed on his grave.

The memory of our friend is vividly impressed in our mind, and as he always was so friendly towards me, I take pleasure in referring to a few incidents.

When I first located in this city I soon became acquainted with him, and I have found him always a dear and faithful friend. In the beginning of my practice he directed me with his valuable advice, and I must say that much of the success that I have had in my professional career is owing to his kind and encouraging words.

I shall remember all my life how one day with his frank and pleasant manner he reproached me for having stopped writing scientific articles in the medical journals. He told me then: "In order to obtain success we must have our names before the medical public; once in a while a short article reminds our colleagues of our existence. If we stop writing everybody will forget us."

These words have been one of the most instructive lessons I ever had in my life. He supported his advice with his own example, for he contributed many scientific and valuable articles to the medical journals.

I must mention to you his charitable disposition. On several occasions he went with me to see poor patients, refusing any fee. On one occasion he placed his own carriage at the disposal of a poor patient who was too weak to walk home again.

His feelings were so gentle and so kind; his love for the medical profession was so great, his interest for the science was so intense, that I can say that he was not only the model physician, but the true scholar.

He never let a word or a term which he did not know pass without taking a dictionary and carefully reading all that was known about it. He was a scholar in foreign languages, and amongst them he had thorough acquaintance with the Italian, which he could read and speak fluently, and he took great pleasure in reading Italian literary works. He enjoyed and appreciated the beauties of the Divine Comedy of Dante, and he used to converse with me in that language. Last year it was his wish to take another trip to Italy, where he had been several times already; but at that time the dreaded disease was discovered, and he was obliged to give up the projected trip.

Premature death has taken from his family the beloved husband and father, from us a friendly and

eminent colleague, from science a prominent worker, from humanity a tender benefactor, from the world a true and just man.

The memory of him is vivid in every one who had occasion to get acquainted with him; on account of his rare and inimitable qualities his name will remain to science through his interesting scientific books.

The history of Cincinnati registers in his death that of one of the greatest of physicians and professors.

Dr. S. P. Kramer.

“The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few,” and of these few the best is taken, and for him Time mingles with Eternity.

Death, while intrinsically not the most important epoch in the life of a good man, is the period at which his fellows pause with awe.

No more can he whom we loved to honor draw us to him; that mysterious something we call his personality is forever gone, and our memory retains of him only the image which we ourselves had formed of him.

The significance of this man’s life lies not in his work as a physician, for there were better craftsmen among his cotemporaries, but in his work as an inspiring teacher. Here he stood supreme, at once the most brilliant, the most ardent, and the most sacrificing.

Who can estimate the greatness of his influence for good? The expressed thought, the noble precept, is like the planted seed. It falls upon the hungry soil, takes root, grows, and reproduces its like until it has become universal. It is as indestructible as matter.

We who have listened to him were made to feel that the work of our lives was noble, that its rewards

were generous, and that he who was honestly diligent and nobly sacrificing would be the loved of men.

He was never vulgar, ever careful to depict the triumphs of the worker, and to hide the influence of the shammer. He made no compromise with the charlatan for preferment. He knew the cloven-foot when he saw it, and feared not to call it so.

In 1893 there were in Berlin nine young men from Cincinnati at work in the various branches of the University medical school. There were not two from any other city in the country. The young men of Cincinnati to-day are accomplished Pathologists. They know the literature of German medicine. These things are almost solely due to the influence of Dr. Whittaker.

Fired by the ardor with which he depicted the triumphs of these masters in medicine, we were all eager to go and sit at their feet. To him is largely due the fact that the proceedings of this Academy are of a highly scientific character. He came upon the scene when the discussions were windy wrangles on medical ethics; when the strength of his elders was the vindictive strength of the disputant. He knew how to lead them most brilliantly in the way they should go.

Some day we all hope there will be in Cincinnati a great medical school, a part of our University, of a character that shall put us where we were thirty years

ago—in the van. We all of us know that this can be done only by development along broad University lines. Dr. Whittaker, with the clearness of vision, and the brilliant diplomacy which we all admired, was largely instrumental in bringing about the first step in the right direction.

This man went through life with an open mind and an open heart.

In these days of general agnosticism and medical nihilism, it was a refreshing privilege to know a man like Dr. Whittaker. He believed in the aims of medicine, in the good in man, and in the power of truth. His end was sad; to his friends, heartrending. But, like the noble Frederic, he also “lernte leiden ohne klagen.”

Dr. Withrow.

Nearly forty years ago, when the great question of human slavery was slowly dividing the North and South in these United States, the students of Miami University in the classic village of Oxford were keenly alive to the approaching crisis. Many of the young men were from the South and believed, by heritage, that the black race was born to bondage. They were taught from their infancy that these unfortunates were only valuable chattels. They believed that their possession was to be defended by the best blood in their veins; that the institution was their inalienable right and their richest inheritance.

Every phase of the great question was discussed with vehemence and fervor *pro* and *con* by the sons of the South and the sons of the North. The partisans of the two sides waxed warm in argument; the issue often grew sanguinary.

Suddenly in April, 1861, the news of the firing on Fort Sumter startled the scholaristic community into a ferment. The boys from the South left the college halls to join the Confederate armies and fight for their homes. Those of the North began to organize for the Federal invasion.

When the day came for the organization of the first company the students congregated in excited groups beneath the magnificent trees of the campus. The call was made for all those who were willing to fight their country's battles to come forward.

Nearly a hundred fell into a straggling line across the green turf. They represented the best families of the land and the best students of the College.

Judge Peck of Cincinnati, Dr. Tappan, the present President of the University, Hon. Robert C. Schenck and the late Senator Brice and many others since well known to fame were there. At one end of the line there stood a fair-haired boy of slight physique, much the smallest of the number—a mere lad, clad in a roundabout jacket, though smart frock coats were quite the mode among the others. He was playing a fife enthusiastically and his spirituelle face was aglow with boyish patriotism.

This was James T. Whittaker.

Two days later the boys were ordered to Columbus, to be sworn in, and the heart of the boy with the fife was broken, for he was rejected because of his size and age. He returned to Oxford and finished his course, graduating in 1863 with great distinction. No student was more modest and unassuming or more loved than Jimmie Whittaker. With what diligence he met the duties of that time, you who knew his scholastic equipment need not be told. He is vividly

recalled by all his schoolmates of this period with great pleasure and enthusiasm. They speak of him as the talented boy who had the patience of genius and the genius of patience, as gentle as a girl and as genial and lovable as any in the school. He was even in this springtime of his youth somewhat frail and unable to join in more vigorous pastimes of young manhood. This physical condition led him, even thus early in his career, into the library for recreation. Here was laid the foundation for that facility of expression and literary finish which characterized so palpably everything he has written. Out of this habit in part, and in part no doubt out of his gentler nature, grew the tendency to quiet and seclusion which marked his nature. He rather shrank from the formal exactions of society, but was happy in the company of old tried and valued friends. He was, therefore, unfitted for the controversial, combative and political sides of the profession he chose and graced so admirably.

He was a physician in the best and highest sense, and incapable of the intrigues of policy which seek power from other sources than the highest professional attainments. He reached an ideal position in medicine, because of his own work and accomplishments in the practice and teaching of his art.

The place he held among us invited him to its eminence. He was always the bidden, never the unbidden

guest at whatever function he appeared. I have heard many people extol and magnify his wondrous memory and his marvelous facility of speech as great gifts. They were not gifts—they were acquirements.

The heights by this man reached and kept,
Were not attained by single flight,
But he, while his companions slept,
Was toiling upwards in the night.

Dr. Charles P. Judkins.

I first had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Whittaker in 1867. He was one of the gentlemen who composed the staff of internes at the Cincinnati Hospital. He was admitted to that institution, after having passed a most creditable examination, the examination being held for the selection of five candidates for internship. There were some eight or nine candidates, and the examinations were both written and oral, extending over two days.

Of those who passed successful examinations and entered the Hospital—Whittaker, Perrine, Guthrie, Courtwright and myself—I am now the only one left of the quintet. (And before the next week was complete, Dr. Judkins had departed this life. He died July 1, 1900.—Reporter.) At that time Dr. Whittaker was chosen general resident physician—not that his examination was more perfect than that of the majority, for it was pretty well paralleled by one or two others in the class, but on account of some experience which he had in the army and navy service during the civil war. He served through the year and then he went abroad. The position of resident physician in those days was a very pleasant one. Dr.

Whittaker we found to be a most agreeable companion, and every one who came in contact with him recognized his brilliancy and marked ability.

He was gifted as a writer and also as an orator, and could write a brilliant article or make a sparkling address on short notice. As has been said, after he left the Hospital he went abroad. I remember very distinctly before he went away he gathered a few of his friends about him (he lived in Covington at that time) for a little social affair. As we were leaving he asked us not to forget him. We assured him that we would not; in fact, he was not an easy man to forget soon. When he came back I met him one day, at Fifth and Vine Streets, and stopped to talk with him. As every one knows, the first one or two years of a young physician's practice, he is very busy. At least he wants every one to *think* he is. He asked me how I was getting along, and of course I told him "I was busy as could be." He said: "Now, just look at that, here I have been abroad for a year, studying hard, and now am back again, running around Cincinnati with this piece of string, looking for an elbow for the kitchen stove, to be just so long," indicating with his two hands, about fifteen inches.

Dr. T. C. Minor.

*Quid me mortuum miserum vocas, qui
te sum multo felicior?*

That the dead in the flesh are ofttimes happier in the spiritual state admits of no questioning; that what was frail mortality becomes immortal, is beyond contradiction. Especially blest is he to whom release from pain, after long suffering in mind and body, cometh, for his is

“Love and light,
And calm thoughts regular as infants’ breath,
And three firm friends, more true than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.”

From time to time every profession loses one of its most prominent members. The heaven of medicine is full of stars. Some are brighter than others; these are the planets around which the lesser satellites revolve. The brilliancy of these planets glows on the heaven of eternity, shining on and on forever, undimmed by the flight of the passing ages. We watch such stars, admiring their radiance as they glitter on the higher firmament of fame, resplendent with memories of the true, the good and the beautiful.

James T. Whittaker was a hard student and a profound thinker, a leader among medical men. Ever an enthusiastic worker in his chosen profession, his spirit at times led him into the highest realms of medical optimism, yet this was only an evidence that he had greater faith, larger hope, for the future progress of his art than is usually given the ordinary practitioner. As a writer he was charming and versatile; he was persuasive rather than argumentative.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.' "

His diction was faultless and his literary cast was elegant; he might have been a great orator had he cared to cultivate forensic graces.

James T. Whittaker was a strong man intellectually from whatever standpoint he viewed a question. Within the confines of a delicate body there lingered a great soul, with a mentality that was as incessant as intense in its activity. So it happened that his frail physical being was burnt out by the very fires of his genius, and this all too soon, for he died long before the solstice of his time. His spirit has taken flight, liberated from the tenement that once held it captive.

We knew him well in his student days; he was our classmate at the old Ohio Medical College, but daily professional cares and the ordinary duties and

interests of life drift men far apart all too often, so that one rarely meets former classmates even in the same great city. Yet our admiration of Dr. Whittaker's grand qualities as physician, student and writer has never faltered. We watched with pride his ever-increasing national reputation, and gloried in his every success, although on many points in medicine we held widely divergent views.

James T. Whittaker was a gentleman, above all in the consultation-room, where, while he had firmly fixed opinions, he never placed himself in antagonism to the regular medical attendant, who might at times differ with him as to points of treatment. It was for this reason that he ever held, and rightly so, a fine reputation as an expert consultant.

Dr. Whittaker was ever an advocate of the higher medical education. A man of great culture and innate refinement himself, he always labored to impress his students with the advantages to be derived from close application to all the varied branches of human knowledge. With a deep poetic temperament he combined an ever-yearning love for all that was classical.

Let those who have had closer personal and social relations with Dr. Whittaker, his college and hospital *confreres* of later years, discourse of his characteristics as a man, his virtues as a friend, his domestic qualities, for undoubtedly one who had so many warm

personal admirers must have possessed all those sweet traits of individuality that go to form the basis of true good fellowship.

His family have our profound sympathy. Yet there is the after-compensation of grief, that death is inevitable for all, and even the passing beyond of husband and father has in it the deep consolation that the memory of a good name will survive, being greater than the mere dross of wealth and the tinsel grandeur of gilded palaces. Dr. Whittaker's fame as physician, teacher and author will be more enduring than letters of bronze imbedded in granite by the Titanic forces of an ever-mysterious nature. His name will survive his tomb.

"Into the silent land,
To you ye boundless regions of all perfection,
Tender morning visions of beauteous souls,
The future's pledge and band.
Who firm in life's battle stand
Shall bear Hope's smiling blossoms
Into the silent land."

Though what mortals term death has folded the pale hands over the tired heart of Dr. Whittaker, the violets of memory and the white lilies of good deeds done will spring from the bosom of Mother Earth, that covers the empty casket that once held a soul jewel.

Far beyond the setting sun of his destiny there is the ever-peaceful twilight of the mysterious future, towards which every weary-bodied mortal is slowly traveling.

Let the younger men of the profession he so long instructed emulate his bright example, and ever cultivate his precepts on the ethics of medicine and the sublimity of a true physician's calling over all others.

James T. Whittaker's passing is a great loss to the entire medical profession.

Dr. J. C. M'Mechan.

Upon the altar of admiration which will be raised to the memory of Dr. James T. Whittaker, I desire to place a small literary contribution.

When a distinguished man dies all his friends have something interesting to relate about his life. What one friend would relate would be but a very imperfect biography, but what all of his friends would relate would be almost a perfect history of his life.

When I was a boy, and still attending the preparatory department of the Miami University, James T. Whittaker was in the graduating class of the University. At that time he was a pale, delicate-looking young man, and yet the impression among the students was that he was a very brilliant student. Most of the students in those days lived in the north, south or east buildings, but Whittaker with several other students, occupied a cottage in the campus, some distance from the other buildings. Oxford, Ohio, where the Miami University is located, is an ideal college town, and the campus where the University is located is one of the most beautiful places on earth. It consists of twenty acres of woodland, with open spaces here and

there covered with grass. At this romantic place James Whittaker passed four years of his life, and

“Nourished a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time.”

There is no doubt that at this institution James Whittaker laid the foundation of his future learning and distinction by his industry as a student. In the same class with Whittaker was Calvin S. Brice, who, as a student, exhibited no special talent, and no one who knew him would have predicted that he would become one of the greatest of railroad magnates of our country and a United States Senator. As far as learning was concerned, Whittaker was by far the more brilliant of the two. Both men became noted and distinguished, but of the two I would rather have become a Dr. Whittaker than a Calvin Brice.

The reputation that Dr. Whittaker made for himself in the medical and literary worlds will live for many years after his death, while that of Calvin Brice will soon be forgotten.

Dr. Whittaker graduated with high honors from Miami University, and then for several years I heard nothing of him.

In 1867 I began my studies at the Medical College of Ohio, and what was my surprise and delight to find James Whittaker also a student there. He had been in the army and navy and had graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsyl-

vania since I had seen him at Oxford. His main object in attending the Ohio College was to graduate there, in order to become an interne in the Cincinnati Hospital. He soon began to take a very active part in medical matters at the college. When a professor would quiz the class and no one else could answer a difficult question, Whittaker invariably would come to the rescue with the correct answer.

At this time Paget's "Surgical Pathology" made its appearance, and Dr. Blackman, Professor of Surgery, lectured a great deal on the theories advanced by Paget, and frequently he and Whittaker would discuss these theories in the presence of the whole class. It was certainly very interesting to hear Dr. Blackman, one of the greatest surgeons of his day, asking a young student like Whittaker questions on the most difficult subjects, and then discussing the questions with him. He must have recognized in the pale-faced, delicate young student of that day the distinguished physician and teacher of the future.

There is nothing more interesting than to see a great and distinguished man showing a very young student of the same profession a great deal of attention and deference. It is certainly the highest compliment he could pay him.

After graduating at the Ohio College Dr. Whittaker became an interne in the Cincinnati Hospital, and after fulfilling the duties of that position for one year

he went to Europe and spent two years in study there. While abroad he became very proficient in German and French. He had a great fondness for languages, and acquired them with wonderful facility. He became so proficient in German, indeed, that many Germans who met him took him for one of their own countrymen. He was attending an old German lady at one time, with whom he always spoke German. After several weeks of attendance the old lady said to Dr. Whittaker one morning: "Herr Doctor, ich kann Ihnen sagen wo sie herkommen aus Deutschland. Sie kommen von Giesen. Ich kann es an der aussprache hoeren." (Doctor, I can tell you from what part of Germany you come. You are from Giesen. I can tell it by your pronunciation.") She really thought Whittaker was a genuine German.

At another time the president of a noted theological seminary was being examined by Dr. Whittaker for some mental trouble. Dr. Whittaker not only examined him in the usual way, but tested his memory in Latin and Greek, and examined him in those languages more thoroughly than the president had ever been quizzed before. Some friends who were present were simply astounded by the doctor's knowledge of these languages.

Upon Whittaker's return from Europe he became connected with the Medical College of Ohio. From the position of assistant he soon was promoted to a

professorship and at once became a favorite with the students. At the first commencement exercises after he had been appointed a professor in the college he was selected to deliver the address to the graduating class. A large audience filled the spacious Pike Opera House. When Whittaker arose to speak that night he was known to but few of the audience. When he closed his address the majority of the audience regarded him as one of the greatest speakers to whom they had ever listened. That night was the beginning of a fame which he continued to make more notable to the time of his death. I cannot recall the subject of his address, but I remember that it was one of the most beautiful to which I had ever listened. When he spoke his words were so brilliant that diamonds seemed to be dropping from his lips.

In his address he united the scientific, romantic, the beautiful and sentimental, and at its conclusion the audience was spellbound. There is no doubt that this address made friends for him, friends who in time became faithful patients. Throughout his life his addresses were always highly entertaining, as he was always certain to say things that were new to the audience.

As a lecturer he became very popular at the college, as well as at the Academy of Medicine. If anything new was discovered in the medical world, Whittaker was the first to know about it in Cincinnati. He was

familiar with all the latest medical literature, and he knew as well what was going on in Paris, Vienna and Berlin as in Cincinnati.

Whittaker was a progressive student in bacteriology, and did much to further the spread of that science in America. Dr. Robert Koch owed much of his fame in the United States to Whittaker's efforts in placing Koch's theories before the medical world. Whittaker was the first physician to demonstrate the bacillus tuberculosis in this country. When Koch's theory of the production of tuberculosis was attacked so violently by several noted physicians, Koch said it was not necessary to defend himself in the United States, as Whittaker was fully competent to do that for him, and right nobly did Whittaker defend the theory of the noted German scientist.

Through the writings of Whittaker the majority of all physicians in the United States have been convinced that the tubercule bacillus is the cause of consumption.

Whittaker was a voluminous writer, but the two works which have brought him the most fame were his "Theory and Practice of Medicine" and his novel, "Exiled for Lèse Majesté."

His "Theory and Practice of Medicine" contained all of the latest ideas in regard to the practice of medicine, and enjoyed a large sale. His novel was one of the finest books ever written. The plot was not only

interesting, exciting and entertaining, but the matter contained in the book was of great value. It seems to me the immense variety of valuable literary matter contained in "*Lèse Majesté*" must have been the result of a lifetime's collection, and that the book was written in order that the literary world and all readers might have the benefit of the vast store of knowledge which Whittaker had gathered from myriad sources.

Without reflecting upon the brilliancy of the remaining medical profession in our city or state, I think it may be said that in the death of Whittaker we lost our most brilliant member. He was great as a diagnostician, as a teacher and lecturer, and as a writer. Although Whittaker was a genius born, yet he owed much of his success in life to his energy and industry. We have lost our noble professional brother, but we shall always remember him for the deeds of valor that he has done.

Dr. Koehler.

Though I can only repeat what has been said by more competent men, I wish to add a few words to pay homage to my departed distinguished friend.

It was indeed one of the saddest moments of my professional life when I had to reveal to Dr. Whittaker the nature of his ailment, passing almost the death sentence upon him. He stood it with great courage, almost stoic composure. Though the dreadful sickness with its terrible suffering and agonies was at once before his eyes, he only said, "we all come to it, sooner or later, but it is sad that I, who was so devoted to medicine, must end in this way."

Devoted he was to medicine; you have heard it from all these eminent men, moreover you know it; how he worked constantly, how he tried with indomitable industry and energy to invade the secrets of pathology, to be acquainted with every step of the advancing march of medicine. He felt it not only his duty to work in order to do justice to his patients, and to his mission as a teacher, he found an infinite amount of pleasure in studying the medical literature as well as in contributing his share to the discussion and solution of medical problems. He was a faithful

physician; faithful in using all the means at his command to get the correct diagnosis; faithful in his attention and devotion to his patients; a faithful fighter in many a desperate battle for life. Sweetness, gentleness, and courteousness were the foundation of Dr. Whittaker's character. He showed these qualities especially towards the sick, he had the happiest faculty to cheer the depressed, he impressed his patients with confidence; so he brought sunshine into the sick room. This explains the magnetism he unquestionably exercised at the sick-bed. His value as a teacher you know better than I; I can only testify to his love for teaching. Even in the latter stages of his illness he said frequently, "I wish I could go down only once a week and lecture to the students." He certainly had great gifts for teaching. Not the least was his great command of language; words would flow from his lips in a lecture as well as in a discussion. He was certainly the most eloquent man of the profession in our city. He loved languages, as has been mentioned by almost every speaker. Even in the worry and excitement of his daily work he would find time and pleasure in teaching Greek and Latin to his children. He was happiest in his family, exceedingly devoted to his wife and children, he was an ideal head of the family. His great love for his family caused him to wish frequently for a prolongation of his life, though it meant tortures. "His life was so sweet to him."

The end came at last, and relief; a man whose whole soul was devoted to the fight against sickness and death had to cross the bar in the prime of his life.

But though Dr. Whittaker has passed away, his name and fame will not pass away. His name is inscribed upon the honor-roll of good and great physicians, the benefactors of mankind.

Dr. George E. Malsbary.

MR. PRESIDENT:

We have gathered tonight to do homage to the memory of a man whom we have all known and admired, and whom none knew but to admire.

My acquaintance with Dr. Whittaker has extended over only about ten years. Others have known him much longer, but I would like to relate a few incidents that will in a measure portray the character of the Doctor as I came to know him through a somewhat close association with him as his secretary and assistant.

Dr. Whittaker was a most attractive speaker. He never spoke without saying something worthy of the attention of the audience he addressed, and always prepared for a speech, if possible, as thoroughly as if he were to write an article. Dr. Whittaker was a brilliant conversationalist. He was never at a loss for a word; he was instant in repartee.

An incident related from Dr. Whittaker's childhood is characteristic of the love of learning which marked his whole life. One morning his mother missed him at breakfast time, and as there was no response to calls, a search of the neighborhood was in-

stituted. Finally his mother found him seated upon the steps of the school-house, reading a book. He had forgotten his breakfast and was waiting for school to open.

While a student in Germany, Dr. Whittaker was told by his comrades that he had a genius for languages, because of the readiness with which he acquired German. He replied that it was the old story of the genius of hard work, the genius of getting up at four o'clock in the morning and studying while others were asleep.

Dr. Whittaker's excellent command of English was supplemented by a knowledge of several other languages. I do not know how many languages he was conversant with, but he was familiar with Latin and Greek, German and French, and one day receiving a letter from a friend written in Spanish he dictated a reply in Italian.

After moving his residence to Clifton, Dr. Whittaker was distressed by the loss of time incurred going to and from the office, and so he had his Greek grammar cut into three parts and bound in flexible covers, that he might carry it with him.

One of Dr. Whittaker's favorite mottoes was, that four fifteen minutes make an hour. He would arise at four in the morning and work until midnight or longer, and then regret that so much time had to be wasted, as he expressed it, in sleep. I have frequently

received dictation from him at seven o'clock in the morning, and in the evening until midnight.

But Dr. Whittaker *was* a genius, and it was this fact together with his hard work and economy of time that made him an ornament to the profession of medicine and a truly great man.

Dr. Whittaker tried in every way to save time, and he was unhappy if professional duties prevented him doing some study each day. "But," he would say, "we have all the time there is," and he often asserted it as his belief that the busiest men have the most time. Often when Dr. Whittaker would be in his library doing some literary work, possibly dictating an article on medicine, one of the children would enter. Immediately the doctor would stop his work, sometimes in the middle of a sentence, and play with the child for a while. Then he would continue his dictation without a break, beginning at the very word where he stopped.

Dr. Whittaker had a remarkable memory. After reading a book, it was so absorbed that the contents became a part of him. Often he would refer to some article that he had read several years previously, and would give the name of the writer, the journal in which it appeared, and the approximate date of issue.

Not only was Dr. Whittaker an industrious and accomplished scholar, but he possessed a rare amount of tact and a remarkable power of persuasion. One

day while lecturing in the amphitheatre of the Good Samaritan Hospital, the Doctor took up the subject of Dementia Paralytica and brought an illustrative case before the class. He mentioned the early disturbance of the mental faculties and was dwelling upon the alterations of the emotions. In some way the patient became aware of the fact that he was considered insane and he suddenly flew into a passion and confronted the Doctor in a most threatening manner, declaring that what was being said was not true. The Doctor asked the patient what was the matter, expressed surprise, and then in a characteristically persuasive manner he convinced the patient that the discourse had reference to another case entirely. The patient appeared satisfied and the Doctor continued the lecture, assuring the members of the class that they had seen a most beautiful confirmation of his statement regarding the early irritability of these cases.

Dr. Whittaker was uniformly kind and courteous. Whether called in consultation to the hovel of the poor or to the palatial residence of the rich, Dr. Whittaker was always the same courteous, gentle, considerate physician.

Dr. Whittaker's aversion to quackery is well known, and we will always remember him as one of "The Old Guard" who never failed to fearlessly attack that monster whenever it showed its hybrid head. -

Letter from Dr. Seely.

It is one thing to have enjoyed the closest friendship and the most intimate association with a man, an association embracing tastes made harmonious by education, the closest social relations, and colleagueship, for more than thirty years, and quite another thing to undertake to formulate for others the traits of character that constituted the bond of union—a task almost involving an analysis of one's self.

I have no thought of speaking of the work my friend Dr. Whittaker did that gave him his exalted position in the professional world, as others will do that far better than I can hope to do it. As I look back more than three decades and recall the fair-haired, enthusiastic and brilliant young doctor, I can remember none other in my experience who was so full of medical life and ambition. He would have liked to lengthen the hours to enable him to give vent to all the things his fertile brain evolved. Probably no man ever started in life more perfectly equipped, first with natural ability, secondly with not only a fine classical, but with a medical education such as few, if any, of his time possessed. He had had not only all our medical schools could give him, but all that those

of France and Germany could add. It has not been my good fortune to know a single man who not alone had such a marvelous power of acquisition, but who at the same time used an equally marvelous and untiring diligence in its exercise. Nothing relating to his profession appearing in any language escaped him.

That one endowed with such unusual powers of acquisition should have demonstrated such brilliant ability also in putting his knowledge to the practical test was out of the ordinary and placed him on a plane reached by few. His unbounded enthusiasm in his calling created the most unswerving faith that diseases could not stand before the proper skill and remedies, and it would seem as though when the former triumphed he was simply surprised, not discouraged. He would exclaim with the greatest enthusiasm: "See what years the science of medicine has added to the sum total of life!" He was a man wholly free from envy and jealousy; of strong likes and dislikes. He not infrequently by his impulsiveness did injustice to a sweet and beautiful nature—an impulsiveness born of such an excessive zeal that it often failed to hear the other side. While we were totally unlike, I cannot recall the passing between us of a single harsh word. He was a man singularly gentle and affectionate in all his domestic relations, with the sweetest and tenderest love for wife and children. Of the latter he made himself a friend and companion in their play and study. "Oh,"

he said last fall, "if I could now simply be spared to enjoy a few hours a day with my wife and children I would be perfectly happy, while formerly I could not conceive of perfect happiness without the work that brought me something new each day." His home was filled with his personality, and one could truly say it was a home of sweetness and light. As an associate each and all of us knew no duty would be shirked, and his loyalty to the college never knew any wavering. This time-honored Academy, and the students, whose name is legion, need no words from me to recall to them that brilliancy and enthusiastic narration of cases, and his picturing of the diseases human flesh is heir to, that Dr. Whittaker used. One could truly say he touched nothing that he did not adorn. Student bodies and medical men before whom he appeared never failed to be deeply impressed by his dignity, his earnestness, his innate refinement, his great culture and medical attainments. Even his associates, who knew him so intimately, constantly fell under the spell of his faultless diction as he presented his views upon questions arising in faculty meetings.

He was an omnivorous reader, and probably never delivered a lecture that was not adorned with some new figures, or set in some new frame. I have often heard medical men and students say it was a liberal education to listen for an hour to that wonderful flow of language with which he set forth the subject in

hand. Certainly no student ever left his lecture-room without a renewed inspiration, renewed ambition, and increased respect for his own chosen calling that had within its ranks such a devotee. His example as a teacher was to me ideal, for he showed the student what devotion to truth, what the study of medicine and its cognate branches could lead to, while at the same time he impressed upon them into what wide fields the love of medicine would lead a true disciple to roam, that he might the better and more truly serve her cause by enlarging his powers of observation and illustration. He was the most thoroughly satisfied man with his calling I ever knew, and was never happier than when he was depicting in his captivating way its beauties and glories.

While there was little of the commercial spirit in him, he was a careful business man, never, so far as I know, having made any foolish or unwise investments. He lived freely, spent liberally, and left a goodly sum.

He had passed, like many active minds, away from his early faith, and also like many men of brilliant intellect he had wandered into what he tried to fancy were the only true fields, the fields that Science had pointed out as furnishing the only food for reasoning men, but also like most others, it at length dawned on him that there was a faith whose value was away and beyond any apotheosis of reason.

In his death the profession has lost a brilliant member, the Medical College of Ohio one of her oldest and strongest supports, the city a citizen who conferred renown upon her name; but he has left us a sweet memory, an example of a noble life, ending, as we may be assured, by gaining that great final victory that overshadows so gloriously all earthly defects.

Bar Harbor, Me., June 21, 1900.

Letter from Dr. Howard A. Kelly.

Dear Dr. Conner:

I am glad to add my voice to the many that will be raised to praise and to bless the name of our dear friend Whittaker. I knew him first when I was his guest for a short time at the American Medical Association at Cincinnati, and then again when he came to me in Baltimore smitten with the great scourge of our race, in the vain hope of permanent relief.

I shall not speak of his skill in his profession, and of his influence in bringing scientific medicine into the West, for these facts are too well known, and already form an important part in the history of medicine in our country. Far beyond his science and his great ambition to add some one fact of transcendant value to medicine, and his ceaseless, restless energy in pursuing this quest, I reckon those rare personal characteristics which endeared him to so many.

Rarely does one find such marked ability associated with so much sweetness of character, and withal with such real humility as were united in this dear man. The science of the greatest thinker and the most gigantic intellect, in the light of omniscience, must appear

insignificant, but surely precious in His eyes, and of eternal worth must appear that true nobility of character so often lauded and so rarely seen. Patient, lovable and uncomplaining, he passed through his great trial. A great, a gentle soul, whom to know was to love. Faithfully yours,

HOWARD A. KELLY.

Baltimore, June 22, 1900.

Letter of Dr. George W. Fels.

Dr. S. E. Cone, Secretary Academy of Medicine:

DEAR SIR—I exceedingly regret that I will be out of the city on the “Memorial evening in honor of the late Prof. James T. Whittaker.” I know that words will fail in an attempt to express and bring forward all of the good and manly qualities of Prof. Whittaker, and his untiring work, not only in behalf and for the welfare of his colleagues and the community, but also for his strong efforts to impart his knowledge to the student of medicine. As their professor, he always commanded attention and respect, not only by the able manner in which he delivered his lectures, but because he humbled himself when it became necessary to further their interests, scrupulously avoiding everything that could make them feel, or keep before them, that he was their superior, but rather that he was one of them. Though *he* has gone from us, his name and the memory of his good deeds while upon this earth have not, but will ever remain with us treasured in our memories and recorded in our hearts.

I feel assured that upon that memorial evening justice, so far as words can express it, will be done

to his memory by his colleagues, among whom are some of the most learned of the profession.

With a further regret that I cannot be present, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

GEO. W. FELS,

M. C. O., 1873 to 1877.

Letter of Dr. Frank D. Askew of Kansas City, Mo.

While I had been expecting it for some months my sorrow was great indeed when the realization of your loss as a colleague, and my loss, as a former student, forced itself upon me.

Many and many have been the happy days spent listening to this gifted scholar.

Many and many will be the sorrowful days spent in regretting that this great and good life has had its ending; in regretting that never again will the music of well rounded sentences made up of harmoniously chosen words and spoken by a living example of gifted ability, greet the ears of us, his affectionate auditors.

His work was without doubt a pleasure to himself, for the reason that he succeeded so well in making work of the same nature so pleasant for others, and in this lay the secret of his success as an instructor.

The keenest sense of loss will be felt by those more intimately associated with him, but nevertheless, a few days spent in his class-room was sufficient indeed for the formation of an attachment no less sincere.

The world is made better and purer by the example of such a life. It is a blessing to have known and listened to such a man; it is a bitter sorrow to have lost him.

To you and others of his colleagues my sympathy is extended, and with his family, who knew and loved him best of all, upon them the words of the Supreme Physician who "healeth all our infirmities" and "maketh all things new," fall as a mantle of peace and assuage the bitterness of their grief.

FRANK D. ASKEW.

Action of the Faculty of the Medical College of Ohio.

Dr. James T. Whittaker was appointed the first Professor of Physiology in the Medical College of Ohio in 1870, and Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in 1879, which chair he held until his death on June 5, 1900, after thirty years of consecutive and faithful service.

His record as Professor of Physiology is that of a brilliant and most instructive teacher, and it was during the nine years he held his chair that his lectures on Physiology were published, which are still a model for conciseness and fulness. It was during the twenty years he taught Theory and Practice of Medicine, that his many-sided ability attained its full development.

The master of four languages, he kept himself in touch with the work done in the centers of medicine all over the world, and the College and his classes were the first to reap the benefits. A scientific pilgrimage to Berlin, undertaken with the purpose of coming into personal contact with Koch, made of him the first demonstrator of the tubercle bacillus in this country.

It was Dr. Whittaker who conducted the first clinic

on Diseases of Children west of the Alleghenies. The first course in Histology in the West and the first bacteriological laboratory were both due to his incentive.

His lectures were characterized by elegance of form and solidity of matter.

A learned enthusiast himself, he succeeded in impressing his pupils, and imparting knowledge in a way not easily forgotten.

He held his calling high and held before his pupils the necessity for respecting their profession, and upon every suitable occasion he pleaded for the common rights and duties of the medical profession, detesting commercialism, and demanding professional conduct in all its various bearings.

Dr. Whittaker's contributions, during this period of his career, were extremely numerous.

Not a single work written by collaboration can be found, one of whose most important articles was not contributed by him.

He was a constant contributor to the best medical journals of the country, but still found time to publish a large work on the Theory and Practice of Medicine.

In his death the Medical College of Ohio has sustained an irreparable loss. During his thirty years of service, his love for the College, and strenuous and single-minded efforts in its behalf grew apace; loyal always to the best interests of an institution, whose

object, the teaching of medicine, from first to last, called forth his best endeavors. Neither the claims of practice, nor the stress of illness served to alienate his interest, which came in time to seem like that of a father for his child. Above and beyond all, however, was his pride in being a doctor; whose mission he considered among the greatest of all.

To those of us who remain, there is left the memory of his industry, his constant desire for self-development, his loyalty to his colleagues and his manifold attainments.

His example will always be, as it has always been to those associated with him, one to be emulated.

We extend to his family our sincere sympathy and join them in mourning for the loss of one whose seat is vacant.

Sit terra levis!

F. FORCHHEIMER,
C. D. PALMER,
J. RANSOHOFF,
J. G. HYNDMAN,
S. C. AYRES,

Committee.

Resolution of the American Medical Association.

Section on Practice of Medicine.

At the morning session of the Section on Practice of Medicine of the American Medical Association, on June 6th, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

“Moved by Dr. Osler, seconded by Dr. Frank Billing:—That in the death of Dr. James T. Whittaker, of Cincinnati, the profession of this country has lost one of its most distinguished ornaments and the Section of Medicine of this Association an earnest and faithful member.

That the heartfelt sympathy of the members now in session be extended to Mrs. Whittaker on the occasion of her great bereavement.”

Very sincerely yours,

T. B. FUTCHER,

Sec'y of Section Practice of Medicine.

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